SONGS
OTTO GRAY
and his
OKLAHOMA COWBOYS

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Hello Folks!

We all hope that you will get as much fun and enjoyment out of singing these songs as we do.

Sincerely,

Otto Gray.

OTTO GRAY AND HIS OKLAHOMA COWBOYS

BROADCASTING FROM THE GENERAL ELECTRIC STATION WGY, SCHENECTADY, N. Y.

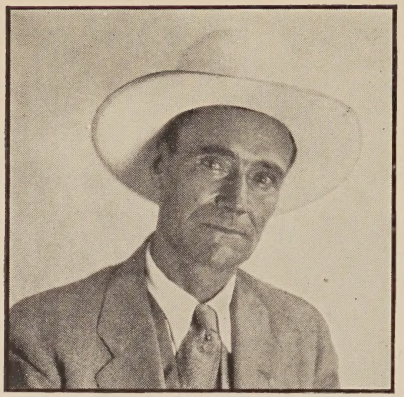
OTTO GRAY
AND HIS OKLAHOMA COWBOYS

Stillwater, Oklahoma

EARLY in 1924, Billy McGinty, one of Colonel Roosevelt's famous "Rough Riders," organized an Oklahoma Cowboy Band as a fiddlin', singin', and dancin' unit for the purpose of bringing back to the present generation the music and songs of the early days in the West.

The boys were recruited from the ranches and, with Otto Gray as manager and leader, they soon became the vogue at all local gatherings and on amateur programs in the nearby towns. Their fame quickly spread, and their reputations as entertainers and musicians soon brought them to the attention of radio station managers; and it was over KFRU, a small broadcasting station in Bristow, near Stillwater, Oklahoma, Mr. Gray's home town, that they made their debut on the air.

About this time, Otto Gray, part owner of the Schultz and Gray Ranch near Wynona, took over complete charge of the band, Billy McGinty retiring to devote his entire attention to his ranch and the postmastership at Ripley, Oklahoma. With Mr. Gray in charge, the group now known as "Otto Gray and His Oklahoma Cowboys," entered the big broadcasting studios in the West and Middle West, and he and his cowboys had much to do with making the plaintive and rollicking cowboy songs famous and giving them a permanent place in the list of American Folk Songs.



OTTO GRAY

"MOMMIE"
MRS. OTTO GRAY

"ZEB"
OWEN GRAY

"HY"
WADE ALLEN

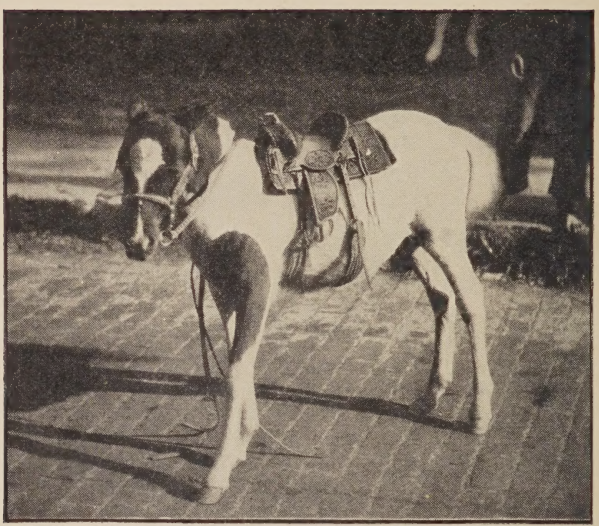
"ZEKE"
LEE ALLEN

"CHIEF"
SANDERS

OTTO GRAY AND REX

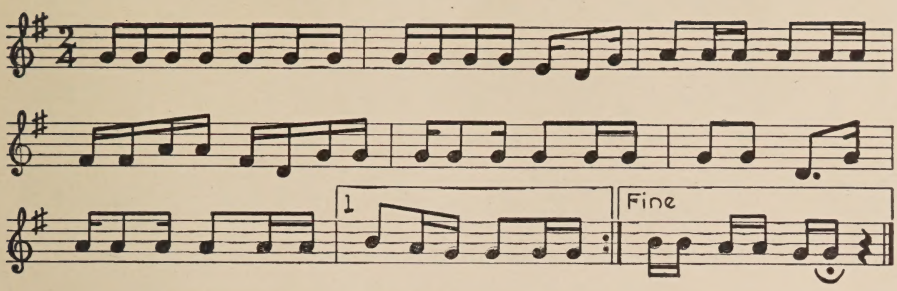
Typical Scenes of Otto Gray's Ranch Life

"MOMMIE" MRS. OTTO GRAY AND OTTO GRAY



"DYNAMITE" MIDGET ARABIAN HORSE
FOUR YEARS OLD, WEIGHS ONLY FIFTY-FIVE LBS.
AND STANDS TWENTY-SEVEN INCHES HIGH

ADAM AND EVE



Adam was the first man that ever was invented,
He lived all alone, and it never was intended;
He was made out of mud in the days gone by,
Then hung on the fence for the sun to dry.

Along came Eve, and Adam had a battle.
Well, he boosted her up a tree, for to get him an apple.
She got two, and they each ate one,
Ever since then, all the trouble begun.

Along came Noah and he stumbled in the dark,
Found himself a hammer, and the nails to build an ark;
Along came the animals, two by two,
The hip-hip-o-pot-mus and the k-kangaroo.

First came a lion, then came a bear,
Then came an elephant without any hair;
For forty days and forty nights the rain didn't stop,
Made the old ship go flip-flip-flop.

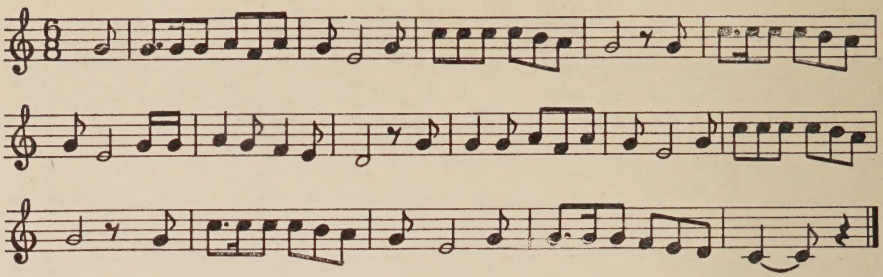
Jonah went a-sailin' when he hadn't ought-er.
The ship began to pitch and tossed him in the water;
Along came a whale, you bet he was a snorter,
He gobbled Mr. Jonah up out of the water.

For three days and three nights the whale swam around,
On the inside Jonah he began to pound;
The old whale's stomach was getting kinda rank,
He fired Mr. Jonah out upon a sandy bank.

Along came Columbus and he was dead broke,
Discovered America and thought he would croak;
Along came Dewey with the battleship Maine,
Headed for a certain part of Spain.

Along came a Spaniard and blew up the Maine,
Then the United States licked the Devil out of Spain;
Then came the Kaiser to take a view of France,
But Americans turned him back with bullets in his pants.

BURY ME OUT ON THE PRAIRIE



Well, I've got no use for the women,
A true one may never be found.
They'll use a man for his money,
When it's gone they'll turn him down.
They're all alike at the bottom,
Selfish and grasping for all;
They'll stay by a man while he's winnin'
And laugh in his face at his fall.

My pal was a straight young puncher,
Honest and upright and square.
But he turned to a gunman and gambler
And a woman sent him there.
Quicker and sure of his gun play,
Till his heart in his body lay dead;
When a vaquero insulted her picture,
He filled him full of lead.

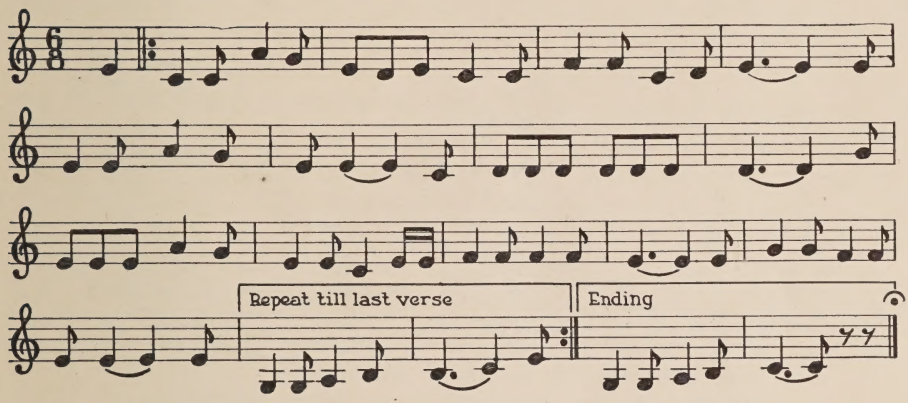
All night long they trailed him
Through mesquite and chaparral
And I couldn't but think of the woman
As I saw him pitch and fall.
If she'd been the pal that she should have,
He might have been raising a son
Instead of out there on the prairie
To fall by the ranger's gun.

Death's slow sting did not trouble,
His chances for life were too slim;
But where they were puttin' his body
Was all that worried him.
He lifted his head on his elbow,
The blood from his wound flowed red;
He looked at his pals grouped about him
And whispered to them and said:

"Oh, bury me out on the prairie
Where the coyotes may howl o'er my grave,
Bury me out on the prairie
And some of my bones please save.
Wrap me up in my blankets
And bury me deep 'neath the ground,
Cover me over with boulders
Of granite huge and round."

So they buried him out on the prairie
And the coyotes still howl o'er his grave,
But his soul is now a restin'
From the unkind cut she gave.
And many a similar puncher
As he rides by that pile of stone
Recalls some similar woman
And envies his molden bones.

THE OLD MAID AND THE BURGLAR



I'll tell you of a burglar bold, who tried to rob a house,
He opened a window and crept in as quiet as a mouse,
He looked for a place to hide himself, while the folks had gone to sleep,
And says he with their money, I'll take a quiet sneak.

So under the bed the burglar crept, he lay up close to the wall,
He did not know it was an old maid's room, or he wouldn't have had the gall.
Thinking of all the money he'd get, as under the bed he lay,
At nine o'clock he saw a sight, that made his hair turn gray.

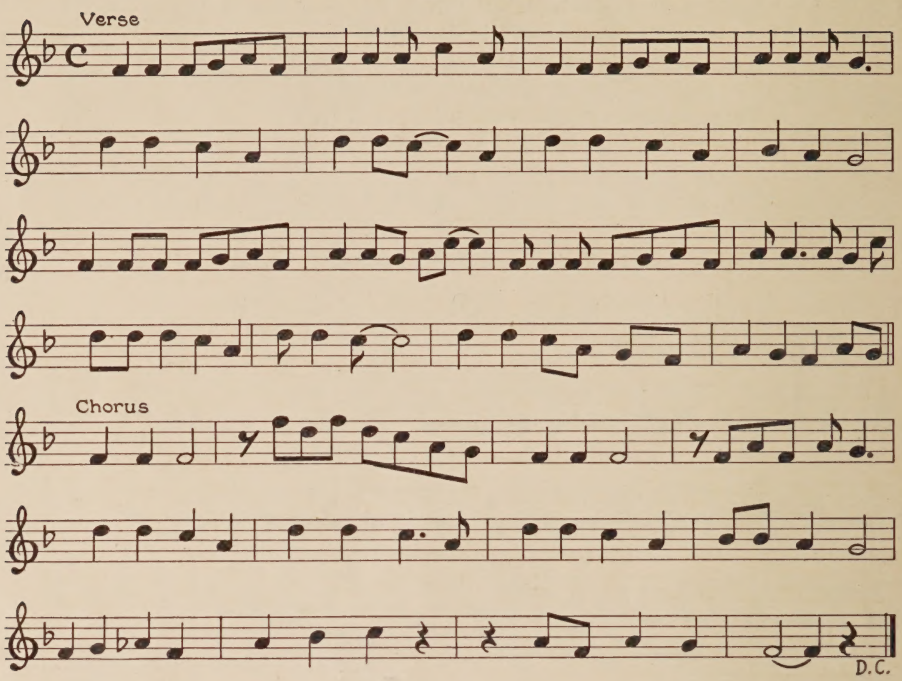
At nine o'clock the old maid came, I am so tired she said,
Thinking that every thing was all right, she never looked under the bed,
She pulled out her teeth and her bum glass eye, and her hair from off her head,
The burglar had just seventeen fits, as he looked from under the bed.

From under the bed the burglar crept, he was a total wreck,
The old maid was wide awake, and she grabbed him by the neck,
She never screamed or hollered a bit, but just as cool as a clam,
Said she, my prayers have been answered, thank God, I've got a man.

She then picked up a revolver, and to the burglar said,
Young man you have got to marry me or I'll blow off the top of your head.
She held him so tight, that he had no chance to scoot,
He looked at her teeth and her bum glass eye, and said, For God's sake, shoot.

WILSON
NcU

OZARK TRAIL



Way out yonder in the Ozark Mountains
Where folks ain't very good at books nor countin's
Lived old Zeak, an odd galoot,
'Bout all he know'd was how to shoot.
Zeak had a gal an' he'd allus tell 'er
Never to monkey with a city feller.
A city chap came and without fail
Zeak he shot him on the Ozark trail.

CHORUS

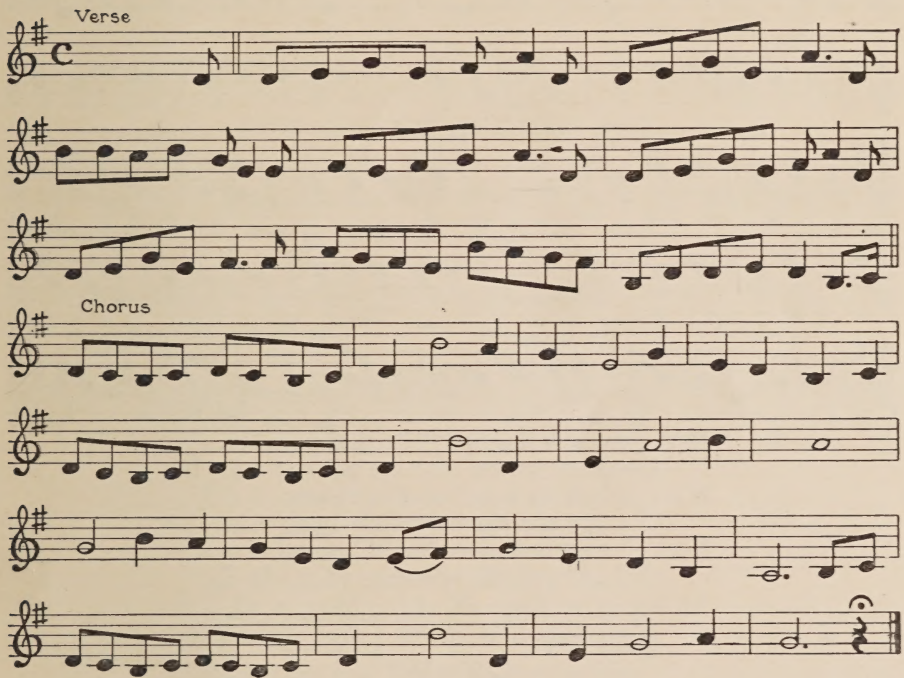
On the Ozark trail, that's where he shot him.
On the Ozark trail, they came and got him.
Zeak he saved his family name.
But ever since that city chap came
Zeakie's gal don't act the same,
On the Ozark trail.

Now a lot o' tales they're allus a-tellin'
They write them down but they ain't good at spellin'.
One they tell about a hermit is true
Because these things I seed 'im do.
He dressed himself just like they did in Eden.
One day he met a bumble bee out feedin'
The bumble bee raised up his tail
And stung Mister Hermit on the Ozark Trail.

CHORUS

On the Ozark trail, that's where he stung 'im.
On the Ozark trail, he started runnin'.
The bee held on with all his might
Gosh darn me, it was a funny sight.
Now and then that bee would bite,
On the Ozark trail.

A HUNGRY DOG

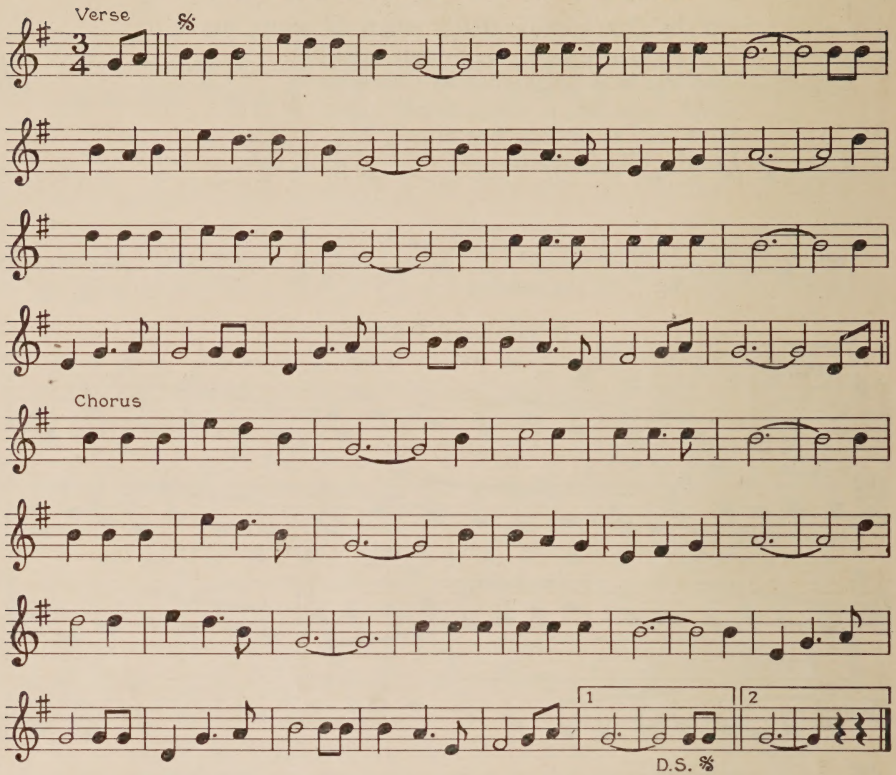


A hungry dog once wandered into a butcher's store,
The butcher dropped a link of sausage down upon the floor.
The butcher says, "Now eat it."
The dog says, "I decline,
For in that link, I recognize that dear old gal of mine."

CHORUS

Down the lane and through the alley we wandered,
My deary, so sweet and cheery.
You are just as sweet to me as ever,
Tho' a dead dog you may be.
Lou, Lou, I still love you, for the sake of Auld Lang Syne,
Tho' I'm hungry I refuse to take a bite of that old gal of mine.

A PICTURE FROM LIFE'S OTHER SIDE



In the world's mighty gallery of pictures,
Hang the scenes that are painted from life.
It's a picture of youth and of beauty,
Old age and the blushing young wife.
It's a picture of youth and of beauty,
Old age and the blushing young bride;
All hangs on the wall, the saddest of all,
It's a picture from life's other side.

CHORUS

It's a picture from life's other side,
Some one who has fell by the way;
The life has gone out with the tide,
That might have been happy some day.
Some poor old mother at home,
Waiting and watching alone,
Longing to hear from her loved one, so dear,
It's a picture from life's other side.

The first tells the tale of two brothers,
Whose life in different paths led;
One had a luxury of living,
The other one begged for his bread.
One night they met on the highway,
"Your money or life," the thief cried.
He took with his knife, his own brother's life,
It's a picture from life's other side.

The next tells the tale of the gambler,
Who lost all his money at play.
Takes his dead mother's ring from his finger,
That she wore on her wedding day.
His last earthly treasure, he stakes it,
Then he bows his head in shame,
They lifted his head, and found he was dead,
It's a picture from life's other side.

The next scene is down by the river,
Of a heartbroken mother and babe;
God help her, she leaps, there is no one to weep,
It's a picture from life's other side.

THE CONVICT AND THE ROSE

Within my prison cell so dreary,
Alone I sit with weary heart;
I'm thinking of my only darling,
From her forever I must part.

A rose she gave me as a token,
A-thinking just to light my gloom;
To tell me that her heart was broken,
To cheer me 'fore I meet my doom.

The rose, she took it from the garden,
Where once we wandered side by side;
But now I hold no hope for pardon
And she can never be my bride.

The judge would not believe my story,
The jury said I had to pay;
But to the rose in all its glory
"Not guilty's" all that I can say.

Good-by, sweetheart; in the morning
I'll meet my Maker and repose;
And when I die as daylight's dawning
Against my heart they'll find your rose.

WHEN THE WORK'S ALL DONE THIS FALL

A group of jolly cowboys, discussing plans at ease,
Says one I'll tell you something, boys, if you will listen, please,
I am an old cow puncher, and here I'm dressed in rags,
I used to be a tough one and take in all big gags.

But I have a home, boys, a good one you all know,
Although I have not seen it since long, long ago.
My mother's heart is breaking, breaking for me that's all,
And with God's help I'll see her, when the work's all done this fall.

That very night this cowboy went out to stand his guard,
The night was dark and cloudy and storming very hard,
His saddle horse did stumble, and upon him it did fall,
Poor boy won't see his mother, when the work's all done this fall.

Boys, send mother my wages, the wages I have earned,
I am afraid, boys, my last steer I have turned,
I'm going to a new range, I hear my Master's call,
And I'll not see my mother, when the work's all done this fall.

Fred, you take my saddle; George, you take my bed;
Bill, you take my pistol after I am dead,
And think of me kindly, as you look upon them all,
For I'll not see my mother, when the work's all done this fall.

BARE-FOOT BOY WITH BOOTS ON

Same music as "When the Work's All Done This Fall"

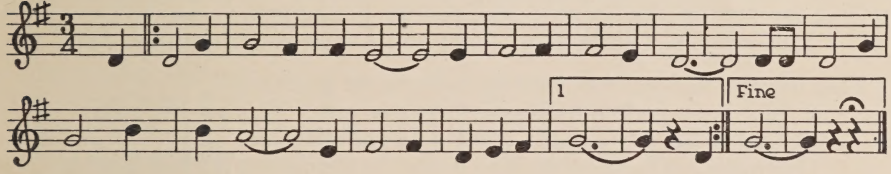
The night was dark and stormy, the moon was shining bright,
The stars were casting burning rays on the storm that raged that night,
The lightning struck the cow shed, the cows all chewed their cuds,
The moonlight set the prairie afire in the middle of the woods.
A barefoot boy with boots on came crawling down the street,
His pants were full of pockets, his boots were full of feet;
He was born when he was a baby, his grandma's pride and joy,
His only sister was a girl, his brother was a boy.

He never was a triplet, but came in one of being twins,
His legs were fastened to his knees, just above his shins,
His feet was fastened to his hips, several inches from his shoulder,
And when he was grown, he was a man and every year got older.
One day he married a woman, who quickly became his wife,
He couldn't stay single and lead a married life;
His wife was full of notions, her mouth was full of tongue,
They raised a dozen children, all born when they were young.

Six girls and five boys, and another child,
They never tried to tame them, just let them all grow wild,
The young one was the baby, the old one was born first,
The good one was the best one, the mean one was the worst.
They never knew their ages and did not seem to care,
They knew they had a birthday coming to them every year;
They never knew their father's age, but always had a hunch,
That he was born before their time and was oldest of the bunch.

And when they died, they couldn't speak,
Their names they couldn't tell,
The girls all went to Heaven,
And the boys all went to —— (well).

YOUR MOTHER STILL PRAYS FOR YOU, JACK



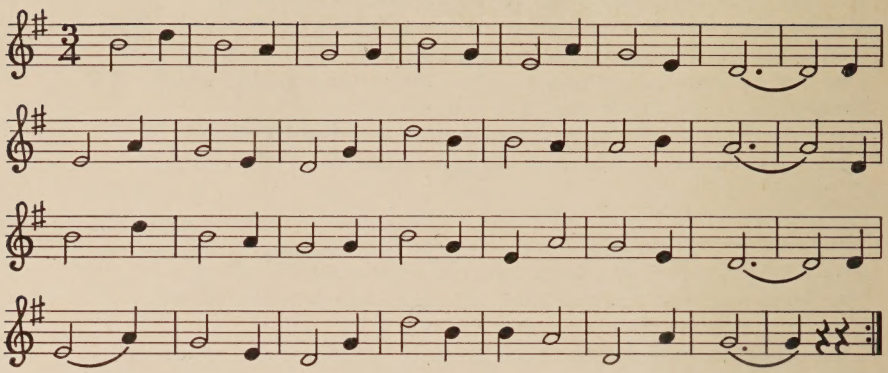
The night was dark and stormy, the wind was howling wild,
When an aged mother gazed on the portrait of her child.
She gazed on the baby features, which once filled her heart with joy,
But now o'er the wild world's roaming that mother's long-lost boy.

CHORUS

Your mother still prays for you, Jack, your mother still prays for you.
In a home far away on the ocean, your mother still prays for you.

Far away from home and mother, far away in the foreign land,
Some comrade said, "Come along, Jack, let's go to the Army Band."
It was a rough old barrack, the meeting had just began,
When something stirred that wild Jack's heart, as sweetly the soldiers sang.

His stony heart was broken, as he thought of his mother, dear,
And in spite of his comrades' laughing, he could not hold back a tear.
In spite of fierce temptation, the words in his ear still rang,
So he started for Heaven that evening, as sweetly the soldiers sang.



In a quiet village not so very far away, lives a rich and aged man,
Whose hairs are few and gray.
He had three sons, his only ones; both Jack and Tom were sly,
While Ted was honest as could be, he would not tell a lie.
They planned their best to ruin Ted, in the old man's eyes,
Their poison soon began its work, till Ted was much despised.
One night the old man said, "Be gone, you're heartless to the core!"
These are the words the lad then said, as he stood beside the door:

CHORUS

"Don't be angry with me, dad; don't turn me from your door.
I know that I've been wayward, but I won't be any more.
Give me just another chance, and put me to the test,
You'll find the black sheep loves you dad far better than the rest."

Year by year fled quickly by, the father now grown old,
Called both Jack and Tom to him and gave them all his gold.
"I only need this little room, a place at your fireside."
One night on Jack's returning home, he brought with him a bride.
The wife began to hate the father more and more each day.
One night he heard the three declare, "The old fool's in our way."
And they agreed to send him to the poorhouse that was near.
Like a flash, of the Black Sheep's words came ringing in his ear:

CHORUS

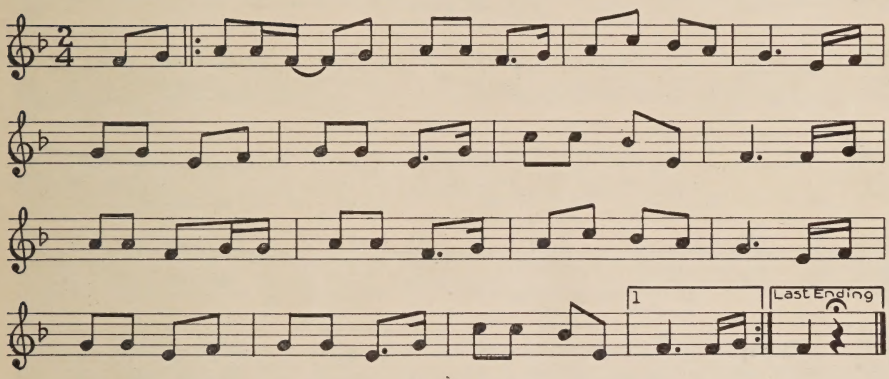
"Don't be angry with me, dad; don't turn me from your door.
I know that I've been wayward, but I won't be any more.
Give me just another chance, and put me to the test,
You'll find the black sheep loves you dad far better than the rest."

A wagon drives up to the door. It is the poorhouse man;
The brothers pointed toward their dad and said, "There is your man."
Just then a manly form appears, and pushes through the crowd.
"Stop that, you brutes," the stranger said. "This will not be allowed.
You took the old man's property, and all that he could save;
You even sold the little lot containing his wife's grave.
I am his son, but not your kin, from now till Judgment Day."
The father clasped the Black Sheep's hand; the crowd then heard
him say:

CHORUS

"Don't be angry with me, lad; I turned you from my door;
I know that I was foolish; I've repented o'er and o'er;
I wish I had given you my gold, for you have stood the test.
Now I find the Black Sheep loves his dad far better than the rest."

I HAD BUT FIFTY CENTS

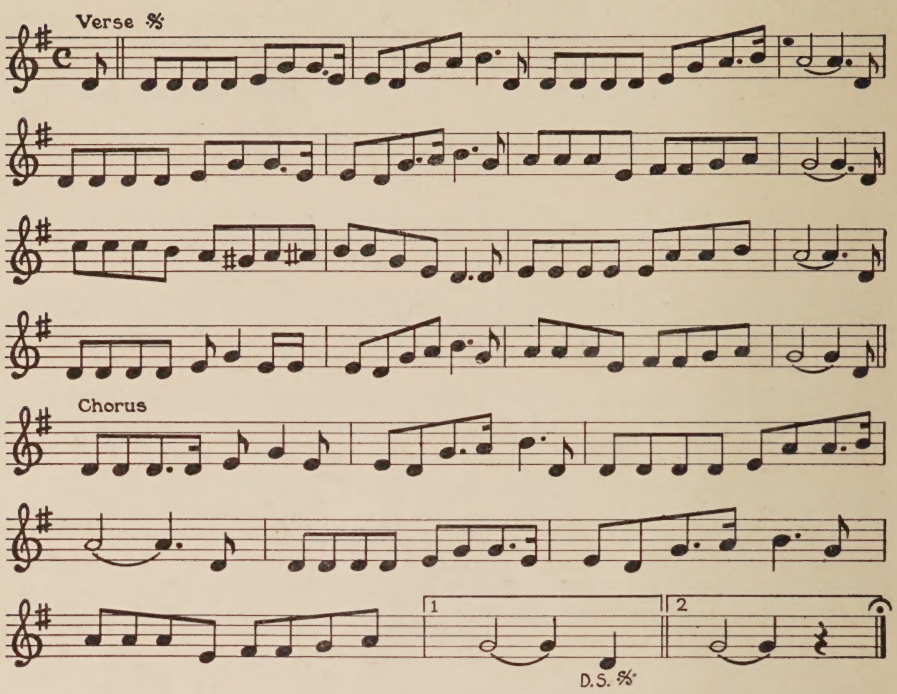


If you could only see the little girl, I took to a fancy ball
You could span around her little waist so neat and very small;
I thought about two oysters sure would fill her up complete,
The dainty, delicate little thing, this is what she eat;
A dozen raw, a plate of slaw, a fancy Boston roast,
A big bone stew and crackers, too, a soft crab served on toast;
And next she tried some oysters fried, her appetite was immense,
When she called for pie I thought I would die for I had but fifty cents.

And after putting this away, she smiled so very sweet,
She said she wasn't full a bit, she wished that she could eat,
For a little girl, you bet your life, she had a terrible tank,
She was but a little thirsty, too, and this is what she drank,
Brandy and gin and a big hot rum, a schooner of lager beer,
Three whiskey skims and a couple of gins did quickly disappear,
With a bottle of ale and a gin cocktail, she astonished all the gents.
I fell on the floor when she called for more, for I had but fifty cents.

To finish it up this delicate girl cleaned out an ice cream can,
She said, Oh, George, I'll tell my mamma you're such a wonderful man,
She said she would bring her sister along, next time she went for fun,
When I showed the man my fifty cents, this is what he done,
He broke my nose and tore my clothes, he shook me out of breath,
I took the prize of two black eyes, he slubbed me half to death.
By the seat of my pants, he made me dance,
He fired me over the fence,
Take my advice, don't try it twice, when you've got but fifty cents.

TELL THEM THAT YOU SAW ME



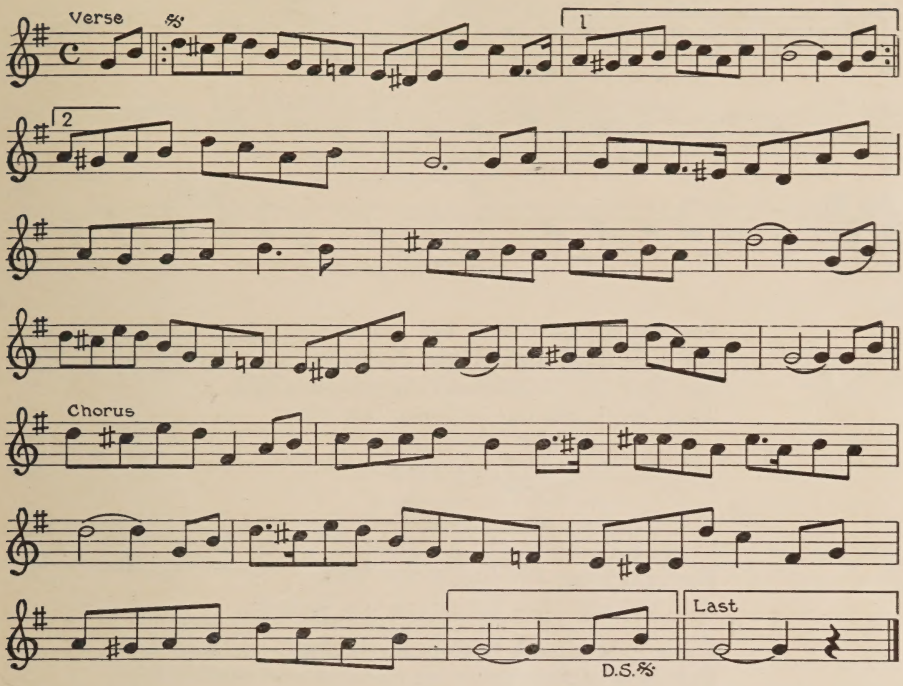
While strolling down the street one eve, on pleasure fully bent,
'Twas after business hours of the day,
I met a girl who shrank from me, in whom I recognized
A schoolmate from a village far away.
"Is that you, Madge?" I said to her. She quickly turned away.
"Don't turn away, Madge, I am still your friend.
Next week I'm going home to see the old folks there, you know,
And thought perhaps, a message you would send."

CHORUS

"Just tell them that you saw me, and they will know the rest.
Tell them I am looking well, you know.
Just whisper if you get a chance to mother, dear, and say,
I love her as I loved her long ago."

"Your cheeks are pale, your face is thin; come, tell me are you ill?
When last we met, your eyes shone clear and bright.
Come, go 'long with me, Madge, the change will do you good;
Your mother wonders where you are tonight."
"I long to see them all again but not just yet," she said.
" 'Tis pride alone that's keeping me away.
Just tell them not to worry, for I'm all right, you know.
Tell mother I am coming home some day."

WHERE THE SILVER COLORADO WINDS ITS WAY



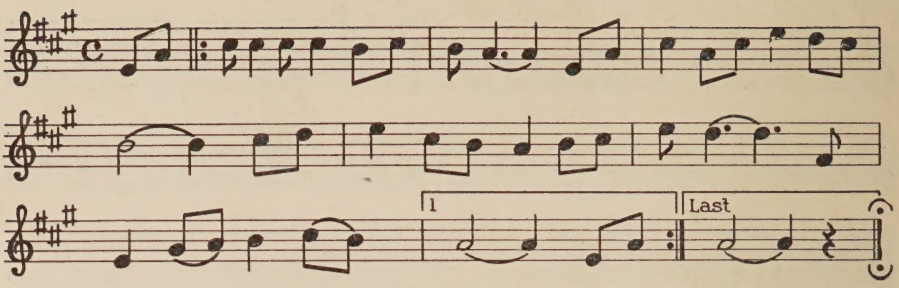
As the twilight softly gathers around my home among the hills
And it seems all nature settles down to rest,
Then I sit and sadly ponder and my heart with longing fills,
As I oft times think of one that I love best,
We were wedded in the June time and our hearts they knew no pain,
Fair nature seemed to smile on us that day,
Now she sleeps beneath the lilacs and will never come back again,
Where the silver Colorado winds its way.

CHORUS

There's a sob on every breeze and a sigh comes from the trees,
And the mocking bird he sings a saddened lay,
While the sunbeams creep no more around my cheerless cabin door,
Where the silver Colorado winds its way.

The silver snow is gleaming on yon distant mountain side,
Where we used to often ramble, Nell and I,
And the birds a-gayly singing in the valley far below,
Where I hope some day to lay me down and die,
Our lives were gay and happy in the shadows of the hills,
My heart beats fonder for her day by day,
And I feel her presence near me as I sit alone tonight,
Where the silver Colorado winds its way.

RED RIVER VALLEY



From this valley they say you are going,
We will miss your bright eyes and sweet smile,
For they say you are taking the sunshine,
That brightens our pathway awhile.

REFRAIN

Come and sit by my side if you love me,
Do not hasten to bid me adieu,
But remember the Red River Valley,
And the girl that has loved you so true.

For a long time I have been waiting,
For those dear words you never would say,
But at last all my fond hopes have vanished,
For they say you are going away.

Won't you think of the valley you're leaving?
Oh, how lonely, how sad it will be,
Oh, think of the fond heart you're breaking,
And the grief you are causing me to see.

From this valley they say you are going,
When you go, may your darling go, too?
Would you leave her behind unprotected,
When she loves no other but you?

I have promised you, darling, that never
Will a word from my lips cause you pain,
And my life—it will be yours forever,
If you only will love me again.

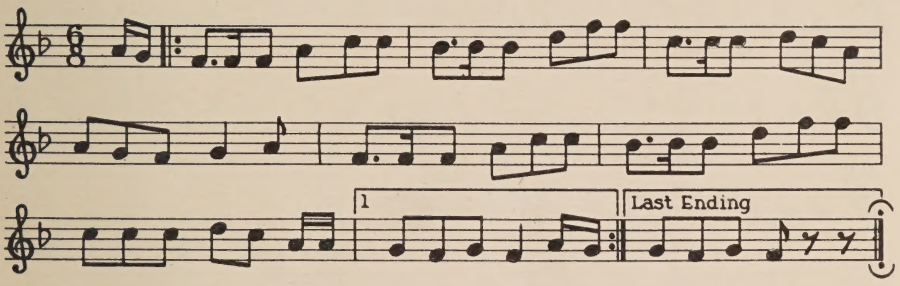
Must the past with its joys be blighted
By the future of sorrow and pain,
And the vows that were spoken be slighted,
Don't you think you can love me again?

As you go to your home by the ocean,
May you never forget those sweet hours,
That we spent in Red River Valley,
And the love we exchanged 'mid the flowers.

There never could be such a longing,
In the heart of a pure maiden's breast
That dwells in the heart you are breaking,
As I wait in my home in the West.

And the dark maiden's prayer for her lover,
To the spirit that rules over the world,
May his pathway be ever in sunshine,
Is the prayer of the Red River girl.

THE COWBOY'S LAMENT



Go beat the drum lowly and play the fife slowly,
Go beat the dead march as they carry me along,
Take me to the prairie and place the sod o'er me,
For I'm a wild cowboy and know I've done wrong.

Oh, once in my saddle I used to go dashing;
Oh, once in my saddle I used to ride brave;
But I first took to drinking and then took to gambling,
Got shot by a gambler, now I go to my grave.

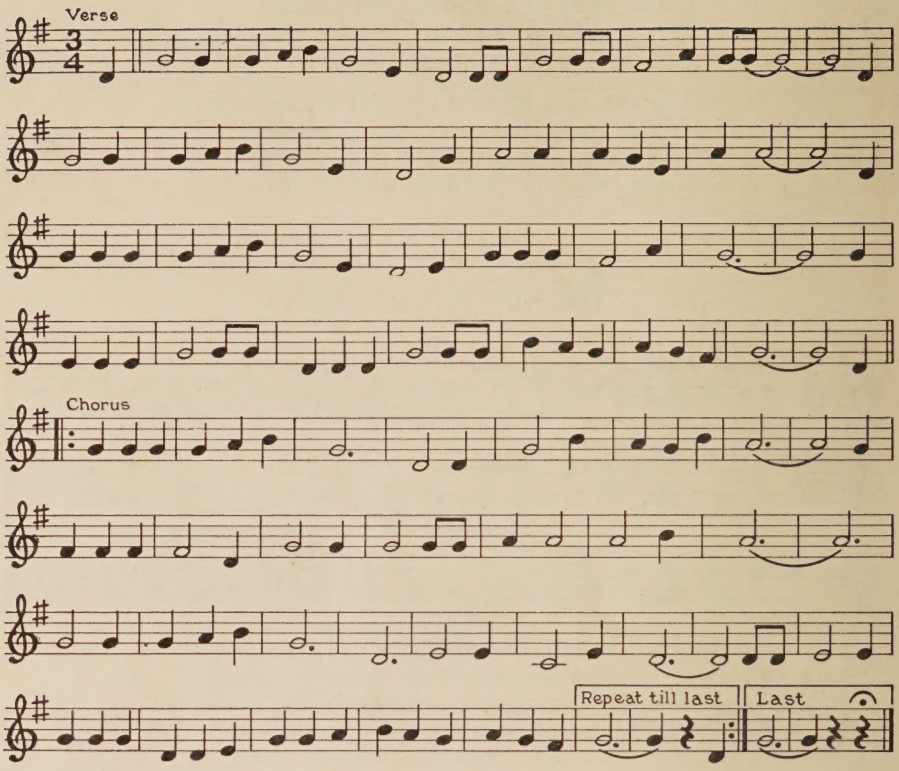
Go, gather around me a lot of wild cowboys,
And tell them the story of a cowboy's sad fate;
And warn them quite gently to quit the wild roving,
To quit the wild roving before it's too late.

Go, carry the news to my gray-headed mother,
Go, carry the news to my sister, so dear;
But there is another more dear than a sister,
Who'd bitterly weep if she knew I were here.

Oh, bury beside me, my knife and six-shooter,
My spurs on my heels, my rifle by my side;
And over my coffin place a bottle of brandy
That the cowboys may drink as I take my last ride.

Someone please bring me a drink of cold water,
A drink of cold water, the poor cowboy said;
But as they started, his soul had departed,
He'd gone on the roundup, and the cowboy was dead.

TERRIBLE MARRIAGE



An old man gazed on a document given him by a census taker,
His nephew asked him the reason why he cried all over the paper.
Come listen, said he, and I'll tell to you,
A story that is strange but true.
My father at a picnic one day, met a widow and daughter in blue,
I married the widow in blue, lad, believe me now what I said and say,
My father got mad, says he, my lad, to the daughter I'll get wed,
So my daughter in blue, lad, took my father's name,
She married my father, and I married her mother.
Now who in the world is to blame?

My father is now my stepson, I'll leave it to you ain't I right,
For I married the mother of the daughter that married my father that night.
My father is now my son-in-law, believe me now what I said and say,
He married my daughter, tho' he hadn't oughter,
It was his grand-daughter he wed.

My wife is my father's mother-in-law, my father is his own wife's brother,
If this is the case, what an awful disgrace,
I have married my own grandmother,
My wife is my father's daughter-in-law, my father is the son of his son.
Now I'm in a fix and am terribly mixed,
If I ain't, I'm a son-of-a-gun.

MIDNIGHT SPECIAL

Wake up in the morning and hear the ding-dong ring
Go marching to the table and have the same old thing.

CHORUS

Let the midnight special shine 'er light on me.
Let the midnight special shine 'er ever lovin' light on me.

Yonder comes my woman, how do you know?
I can tell her by her apron and the dress she wore.
Umbrella on her shoulder, piece of paper in her hand,
Marching up to the captain and says, "I want my man."

CHORUS

Let the midnight special shine 'er light on me.
Let the midnight special shine 'er ever lovin' light on me.

When you go to the city, boys, you better have the kale.
Or the law will arrest you and put you in jail.
The judge he will fine you, he'll shake you down.
If you haven't got the money, boys, you're jailhouse bound.

CHORUS

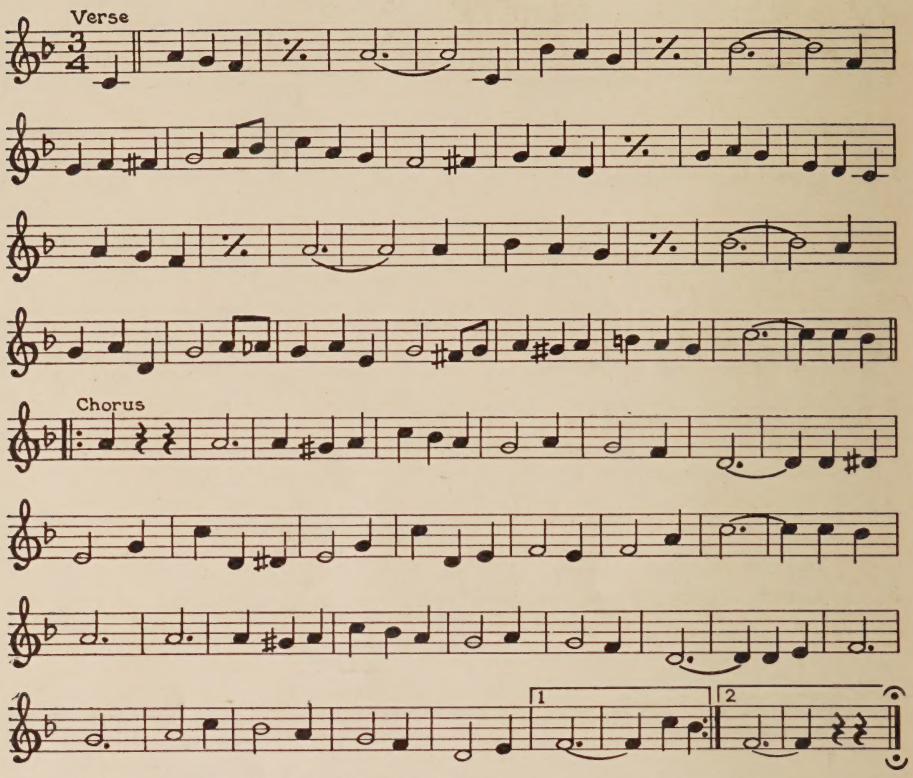
Let the midnight special shine 'er light on me.
Let the midnight special shine 'er ever lovin' light on me.

If you've got a good man, woman, you better keep 'im at home.
'Cause those city women won't leave 'im alone.
They'll paint and powder, Gee! They sure look swell,
And the first thing you know, woman, your man's gone,
to——— singing.

CHORUS

Let the midnight special shine 'er light on me.
Let the midnight special shine 'er ever lovin' light on me.

TAKE ME UP IN THE AIR, DEARIE



When sweet Molly Ryan declared, that air plane riding she dared,
Her sweetheart began to think of a plan
Where they could be wed overhead, so he said,
"I will get an airship right away, a nice one to hold about two."
Then smiling with joy, she said to her boy,
"I'm the captain and you are the crew."

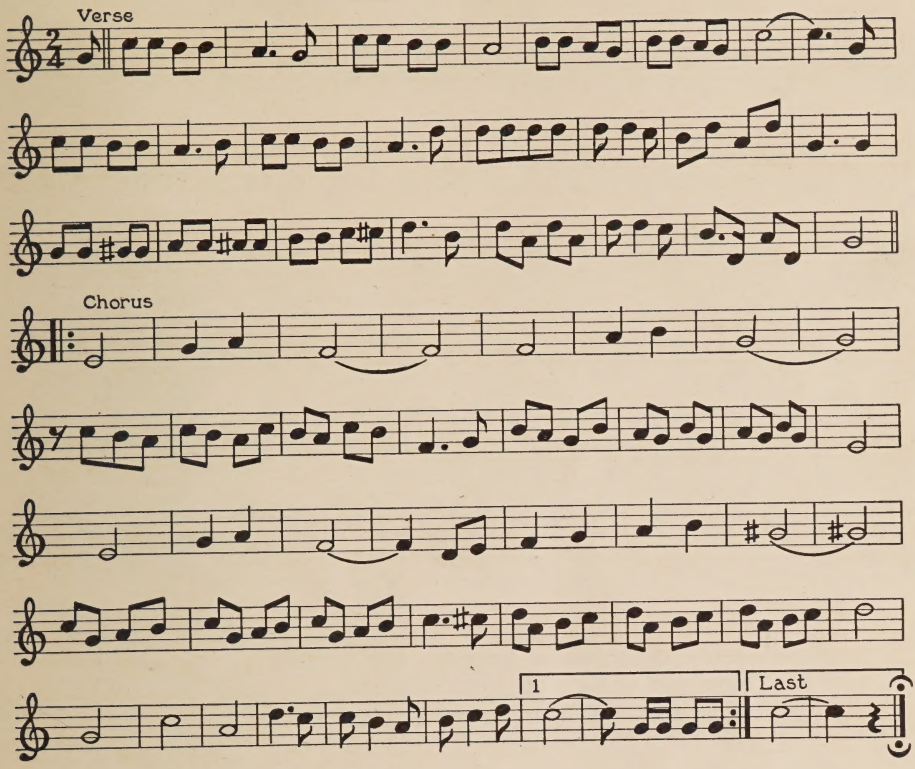
CHORUS

Take me up, up, up with you dearie, away up to the sky.
Sail around the moon, have a quiet spoon,
Just the parson, you and I.
We can float, float, float thru the clouds and just have a lot of fun,
We'll go up, up, up as two and then come down as one.

PATTER CHORUS

Take me up along with you, my dearie, do and let us sail away into a latitude as near as anybody that has ever reached the sky.
We can sail around the lunar planet makin' love and kissin' ev'ry time we scan it, with nobody in the aeroplane except the parson, you and I.
Let us float a little flying boat, a little while, we wrote a little, sent a note a little subsequent to passing thru the clouds and having lots of fun.
We'll go up into the sweetest sky of blue, on going up we will figure up as two, but on returning to old terra firma, we will be as one.

I WANT MY RIB



A long, long time ago, as every one should know
Adam slept beneath an apple tree.
An angel came one day and took one rib away
And made a woman of it, for Adam's companee.
I had an X-ray taken and the doctor he told me
That I had one rib missing in my anatomee.

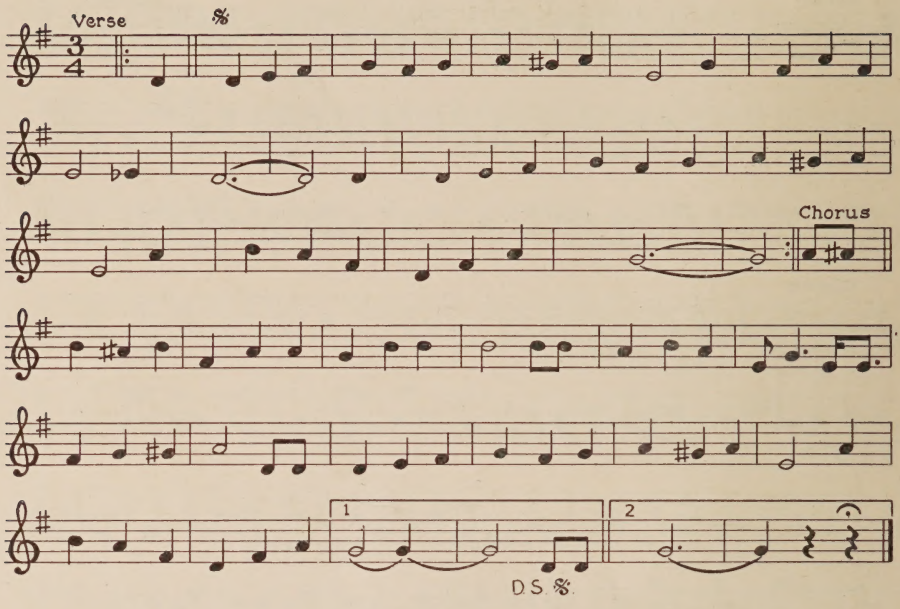
CHORUS

I want my rib, I want my rib.
They took it from me when I was a kid you see,
I'll bet she's grown up now and just as pretty as can be.
I feel so sad, I want my rib so bad.
Every girl I dance with says I'm fresh as I can be.
But I am only searching for the rib that belongs to me.
Bring back, bring back, oh, bring back my lost rib to me.

SECOND CHORUS

I want my rib, I want my rib.
They took it from me when I was a kid you see,
I'll bet she's grown up now and just as pretty as can be.
I feel so sad, I want my rib so bad.
But I will keep on searching 'till I find my rib somehow.
And when I do I hope that I won't find it in a cow.
Bring back, bring back, oh, bring back my lost rib to me.

IT CAN'T BE DONE



Now, folks, never say to yourself, I'm the best,
There is nothing that I can't do.
You'll find there are many when put to a test.
Just listen, I'll tell you a few.

You can't hit a ball with a bat of your eye.
Don't try it, it can't be done.
You can't take a goose and make gooseberry pie.
Don't try it, for it can't be done.

CHORUS

You might find a beggar who never does beg,
You might raise a chicken without laying an egg,
But you can't raise a calf from the calf of your leg.
Don't try it, for it can't be done.

You can't sail a ship without getting aboard.
Don't try it, it can't be done.
You can't take the rattle all out of a Ford.
Don't try it, for it can't be done.

CHORUS

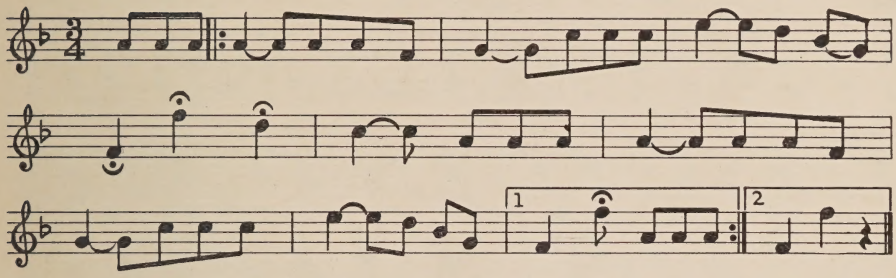
You might find a barber who will tell you just how
To get a good shave from the blade of a plow;
But you cannot get milk from a gentle-man cow.
Don't try it, for it can't be done.

You can't find a fool who has plenty of sense.
Don't try it, it can't be done.
You can't run a car without lots of expense.
Don't try it, for it can't be done.

CHORUS

You might send a jelly-bean over to France,
To pay a short visit to one of his aunts,
But you can't make him give up his big-legged pants.
Don't try it, for it can't be done.

SUCKING CIDER THROUGH A STRAW



The prettiest girl I ever saw,
Was sucking cider through a straw,
The prettiest girl I ever saw,
Was sucking cider through a straw.

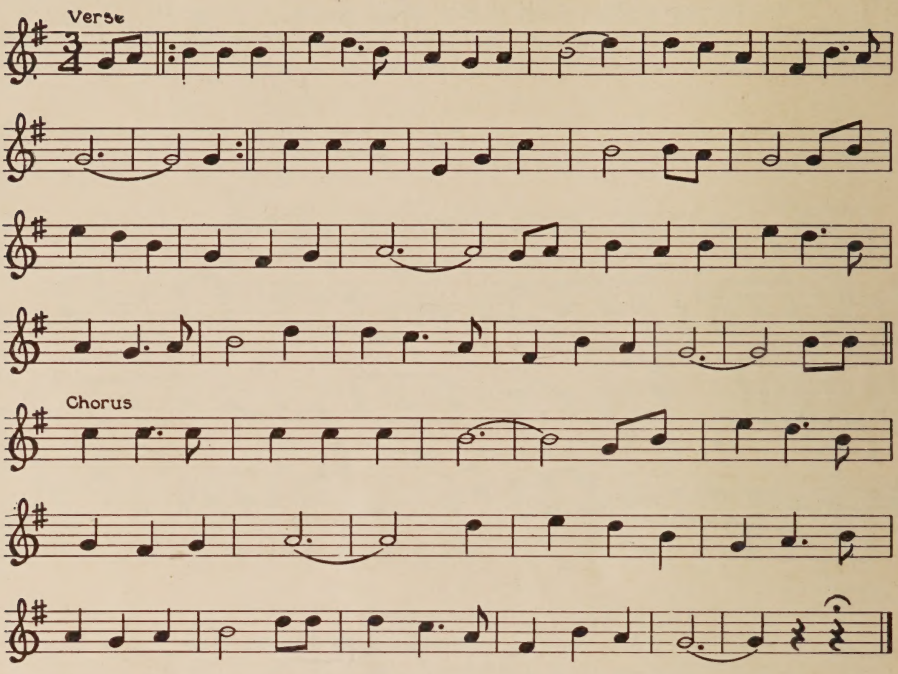
I asked her if she'd show me how,
To suck some cider through a straw,
I asked her if she'd show me how,
To suck some cider through a straw.

Then lip to lip and jaw to jaw,
We both sucked cider through a straw,
Then lip to lip and jaw to jaw,
We both sucked cider through a straw.

And now I've got a mother-in-law,
From sucking cider through a straw,
And now I've got a mother-in-law,
From sucking cider through a straw.

And fourteen kids all call me pa,
From sucking cider through a straw,
And fourteen kids all call me pa,
From sucking cider through a straw.

BE HOME EARLY TONIGHT, MY DEAR BOY



I have traveled through life and seen many strange things,
That surprised me in every form,
I have worked with the plow, I have worked with the spade,
To darkness from sun in the morn,
And when at night I would go to the town,
It was always for pleasure and joy,
My mother would say to me going away,
Be home early tonight, my dear boy.

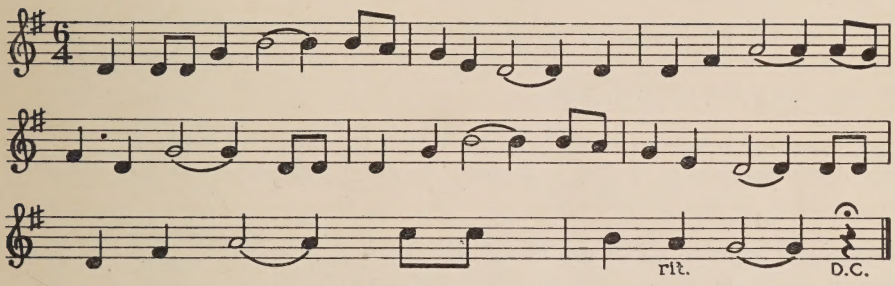
CHORUS

Be home early tonight, my dear boy, be home
early tonight, my dear boy,
Don't spend all your money at gamble and drink,
Be home early tonight, my dear boy.

One night I left home, my poor mother was sick,
With the fever and torture of pain.
Says she, my dear boy, take this motto I give,
For I'll never more see you again.
And when I returned from my night's fun and joy,
I found that my mother was dead,
'Twas then the cold chills did o'er me run,
When I thought of the last words she said.

Come all you young men, take this word of advice,
To a father and mother attend,
A dear mother's love, it must not be forgot,
When you lose her you've lost your best friend.
Don't spend all your money at gamble and drink.
There are lots of good things to enjoy,
Take this motto I give, a mother's advice,
Be home early tonight, my dear boy.

THE DYING COWBOY



"Oh, bury me not on the lone prairie."
These words came low and mournfully,
From the pallid lips of a youth who lay
On his dying bed at the close of day.

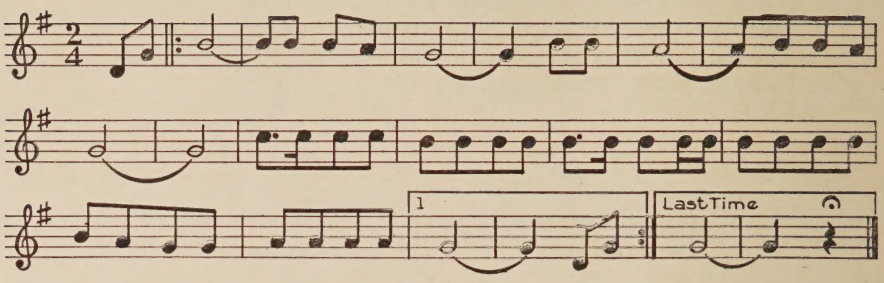
He wailed in pain till o'er his brow,
Death's shadows fast were gathering now.
He thought of his home and his loved ones nigh,
As the cowboys gathered to see him die.

"Oh, bury me not on the lone prairie,
Where the wild coyotes will howl o'er me;
The rattlesnake hiss and the winds sport free,
Oh, bury me not on the lone prairie.

"It matters not, I have oft been told,
Where the body lies when the heart is cold;
Yet grant, oh, grant this wish to me,
And bury me not on the lone prairie.

"Oh, bury me not—" and his voice failed there.
We took no heed to his dying prayer;
In a narrow grave, just six by three,
We buried him there on the lone prairie.

HAND ME DOWN MY WALKING CANE



Hand me down my walking cane, hand me down my walking cane,
Hand me down my walking cane, I'm going to leave on the midnight train,
For my sins they have overtaken me.

Hand me down my bottle of corn, hand me down my bottle of corn,
Hand me down my bottle of corn, I'm goin' to get drunk as sure as you're born,
For my sins they have overtaken me.

I got drunk and I got in jail, I got drunk and I got in jail,
I got drunk and I got in jail, had no one for to go my bail,
For my sins they have overtaken me.

Come on mamma and go my bail, come on mamma and go my bail,
Come on mamma and go my bail, get me out of this buggy jail,
For all my sins have overtaken me.

The meat was tough and the meat was fat, the meat was tough and the meat was fat,
The meat was tough and the meat was fat, and my lordy, I couldn't eat that,
Cause my sins have overtaken me.

If I die in Tennessee, if I die in Tennessee,
If I die in Tennessee, don't you people bother me,
Cause my sins they have overtaken me.

Yonder comes a man across the field, yonder come a man across the field,
Yonder comes a man across the field, kicking up dust like an automobile,
Cause his sins they have overtaken him.

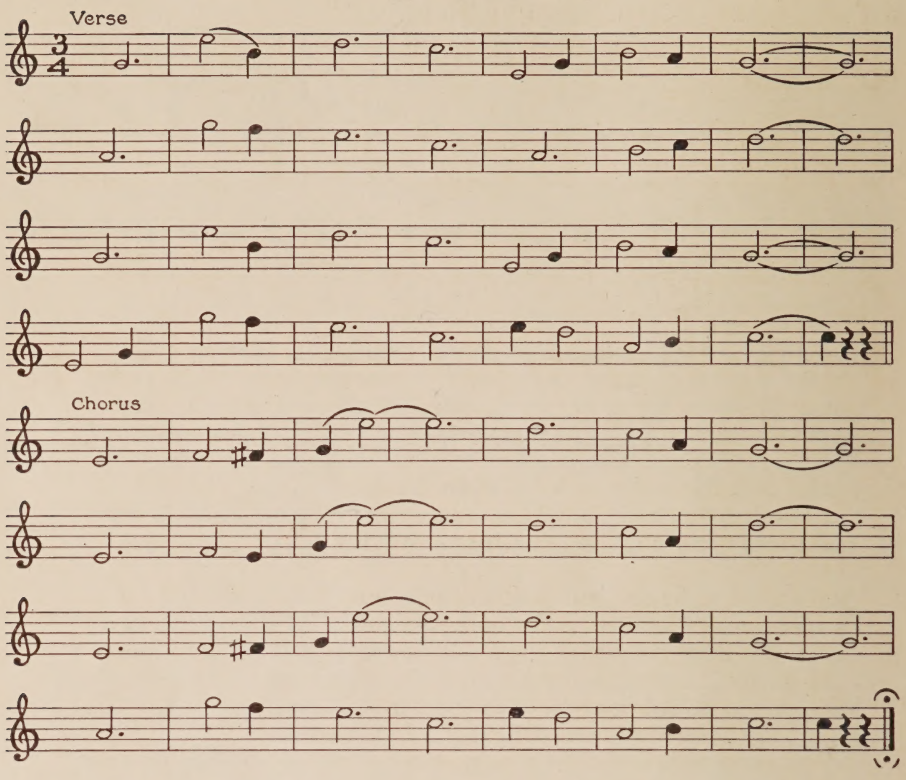
THE DRUNKEN FOOL

The other night on returning home as drunk as I could be,
I found a horse standing in the stall, where my horse ought to be,
Come, my wife, my pretty little wife, explain this thing to me,
How comes a horse standing in the stall, where my horse ought to be?
You fool, you fool, you drunken fool, if you could only see,
That's only the Jersey cow, your mother gave to me.
I've traveled this wide world over, twenty thousand miles or more,
And I never saw a saddle on a Jersey cow before.

The second night on returning home as drunk as I could be,
I found a coat hanging on the rack, where my coat ought to be,
Come, my wife, my pretty little wife, explain this thing to me,
How comes a coat hanging on the rack, where my coat ought to be?
You fool, you fool, you drunken fool, if you could only see,
That's only the bed quilt, your mother gave to me,
I've traveled this wide world over, twenty thousand miles or more,
But I never saw so many pockets in a bed quilt before.

The third night on returning home, as drunk as I could be,
I found a head lying on the pillow where my head ought to be,
Come, my wife, my pretty little wife, explain this thing to me,
How comes a head lying on the pillow where my head ought to be?
You fool, you fool, you drunken fool, if you could only see,
That's only a cabbage head, your mother gave to me.
I've traveled this wide world over, twenty thousand miles or more,
And I never saw a moustache on a cabbage head before.

SWEET BUNCH OF DAISIES



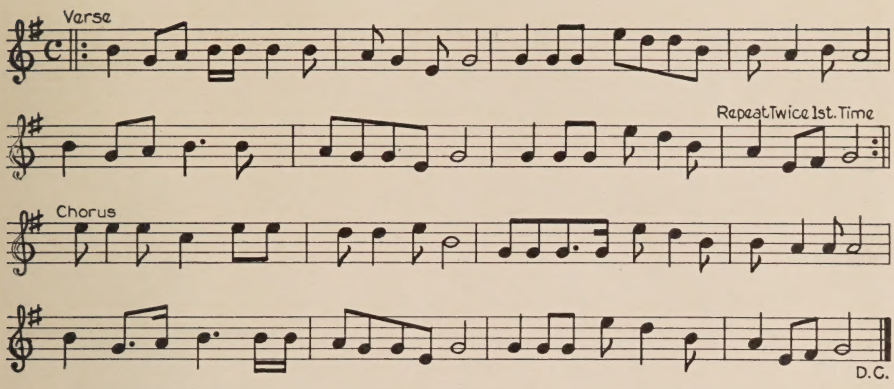
Oh, golden daisies, oh, how sweet to me;
Ever I heard them, whispering love to me.
Murmuring softly in a silent theme,
Those were happy moments, now are a sad, sweet dream.

CHORUS

Sweet bunch of daisies, fresh from the dell,
Kiss me once, darling, daisies can't tell.
Give me your promise, oh, sweetheart, do;
Say that you love me, and that you'll be true.

Oh, withered daisies, treasured more than gold,
Bring back to memory those sweet days of old,
When we together strolled thro' forest, green,
Gathering daisies, growing by the stream.

DRUNKARD'S LONE CHILD

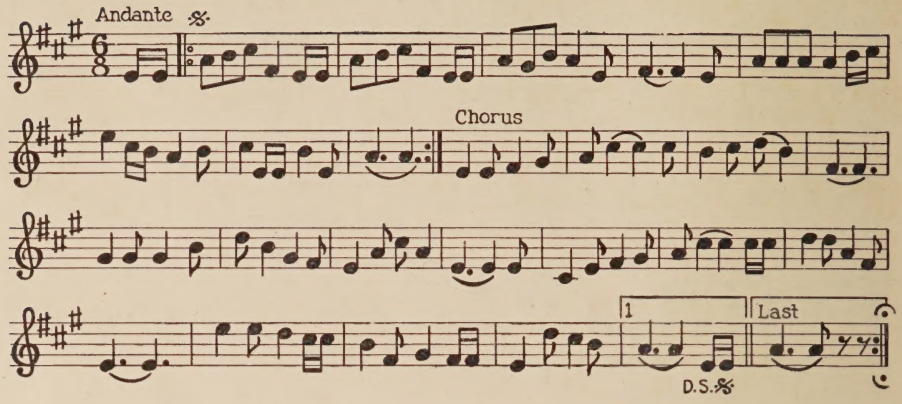


Out in the gloomy night so sadly I roam,
I have no mother, no friends, and no home.
Dark is the night, and the storm is raging wild,
God pity Bessie, the drunkard's lone child;
We were so happy 'till father drank rum,
Then all our sorrows and troubles begun.
Mother grew paler and wept every day,
Baby and I grew too hungry to play;
Slowly they faded till one stormy night
Found their sweet faces all silent and white
And with big tears slowly dropping I said;
Father's a drunkard and mother is dead.

CHORUS

Mother, oh why did you leave me alone, with no one to love me,
No friends and no home,
Dark is the night and the storm is raging wild,
God pity Bessie, the drunkard's lone child.

Oh, if some temperance only could find,
Poor wretched father and speak very kind,
If they could stop him from drinking, why, then
I would be very happy again.
Is it too late, men of temperance, do try,
Poor little Bessie will soon starve and die;
All the day long I've been begging for bread,
Father a drunkard and mother is dead.

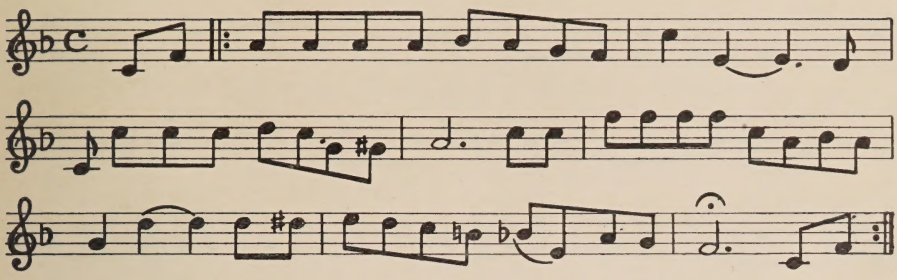


On a dark, stormy night, while the train rattled on,
All the passengers had gone to bed,
Except one young man, with a babe in his arms,
Who sat with a low-bowed head.
The innocent one began crying just then,
As though its poor heart would break,
When an angry man said, "Make that child stop its noise,
For it's keeping us all awake."
"Put it out," said another, "don't keep it in here,
We have paid for our berths and want rest."
But never a word said the man with the child,
As he folded it close to his breast.

CHORUS

As the train rolled onward, a husband sat in tears,
Thinking of happiness of just a few short years.
Baby's face brings a picture
Of a cherished hope that's dead,
But baby's cries can't waken her
In the baggage coach ahead.

A woman arose to assist with the child,
There were mothers and wives on that train.
And soon was the little one sleeping in peace,
As no thought of sorrow or pain.
At the station, next morning, he bade them adieu,
"God bless you," he softly said.
And each had a tale to tell at home,
Of the baggage coach ahead.

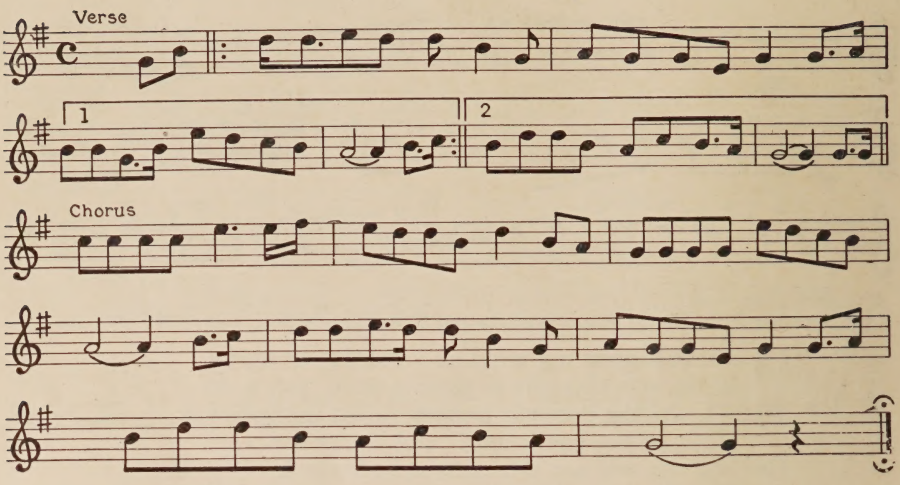


I was standing by my window yesterday morning,
Without a thought of sorrow or of care,
When I saw the postman coming down the pathway,
With such a happy smile and jaunty air.
He rang the bell and whistled as he waited,
Then he said, "Good morning to you, Jack,"
But he little knew the sorrow that he brought me,
When he handed me a letter edged in black.

With trembling hands I took the letter from him,
I broke the seal and this is what it read,
"Come home, my boy, your poor old father wants you,
Come home, my boy, your dear old mother's dead,
Your mother's words the last she ever spoke,
Were to tell my boy, I want him to come back,
My eyes are bleared, my poor old heart is breaking,
While I'm writing you this letter edged in black.

"Forget the angry words that were spoken,
You know I didn't mean them, don't you, Jack?
May the angels bear me witness, I am asking
Your forgiveness in this letter edged in black."

THE LITTLE OLD LOG CABIN ON THE CLAIM



I am getting old and feeble, my hair is turning gray.
My feet are slowly trodding down the lane.
The one I love's gone on before, to find a better home
Than the little old log cabin on the claim.

CHORUS

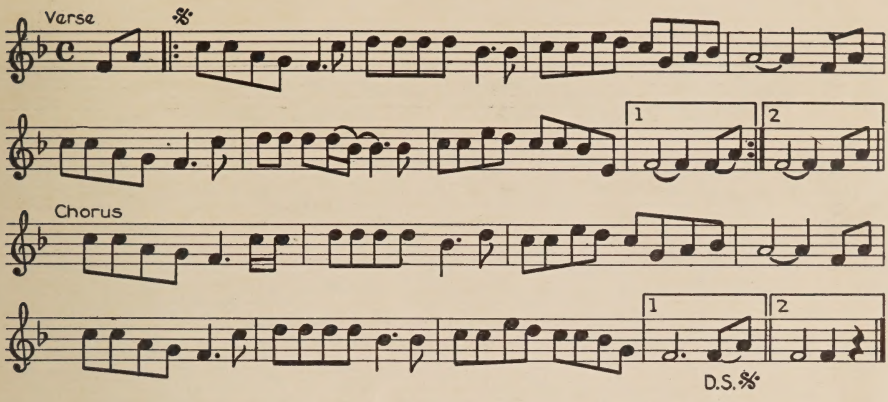
The chimney's fallen down, and the roof is caving in.
I ain't got long around it to remain,
But the angels watches over me while I lay down to sleep
In the little old log cabin on the claim.

The doors they are of leather, the windows have no glass,
The boards doth let the howling blizzards in.
You can hear the hungry coyotes as they sneak up thru the grass
In the little old log cabin on the claim.

CHORUS

I ain't got long to stay here, what little time I've got
I hope within it to remain.
The only one that's left with me is this old dog of mine
In the little old log cabin on the claim.

OLD AND ONLY IN THE WAY



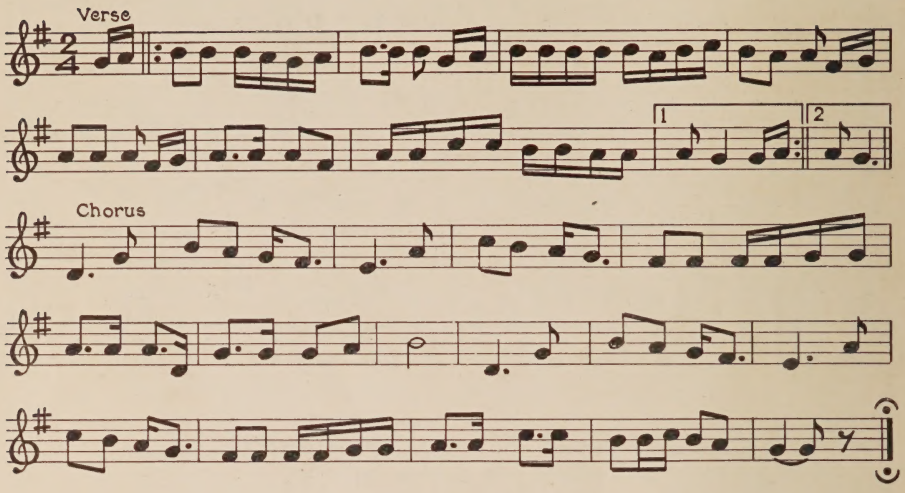
Oh, while strolling down the street, how often do we meet
Some poor old man whose life is none but woe,
In his home long years he spent, in his pocket not a cent,
And for shelter he does not know where to go.
His relations by the score they have turned him from the door,
They meet him on the streets, they pass him by,
And you ask him why 'tis so, he will answer you and say,
Because I'm old and only in the way.

CHORUS

Let us cheer them on, they won't be with us long,
Don't sneer at them because they are old and gray,
But remember while you are young, the day to you may come,
When you will be old and only in the way.

Now the day that is to come, when the young are not so gay,
But since that day, there has come an awful change,
For young men in health and strength, their old parents they do
shrink.
It is happening every day, it is nothing strange.
Now this little song I'm sure is for rich as well as poor,
You see a rich man when he is growing old,
His relations around him stand and will clasp him by the hand,
Awaiting him to die—they want his gold.

DEM GOLDEN SLIPPERS

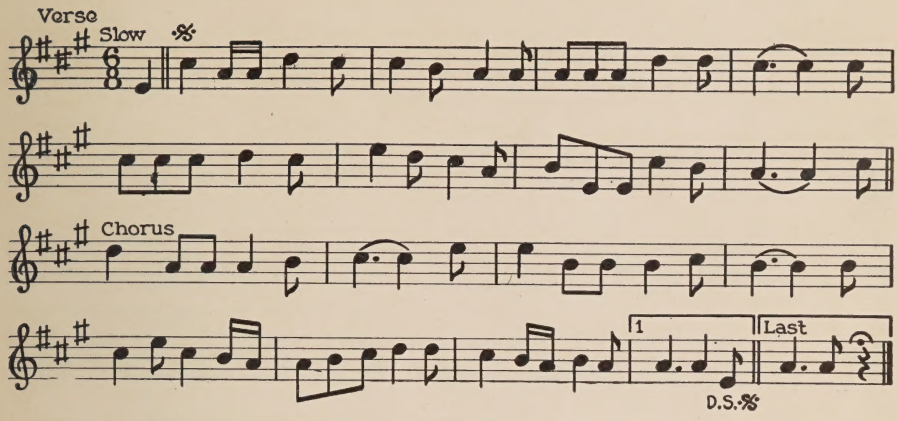


Oh, my golden slippers am a-layed away,
Kase I don't 'spect to wear 'em till my wedding day;
An' my long-tail'd coat, dat I lov'd so well,
I will wear up in the char-iot in de morn;
And my long white robe, dat I bo't last June,
I'm gwine to git chang'd kase it fits too soon,
And de old gray hoss dat I used to drive
I'll hitch him to de char-iot in de morn.

CHORUS

Oh, dem golden slippers, oh, dem golden slippers,
Golden slippers I'se gwine to wear, bekase they look so neat.
Oh, dem golden slippers, oh, dem golden slippers,
Golden slippers I'se gwine to wear, to walk de golden street.

OH, WHERE IS MY WANDERING BOY TONIGHT?



Oh, where is my wandering boy tonight,
The boy of my tenderest care,
The boy that once was my joy and pride,
The child of my love and prayer.

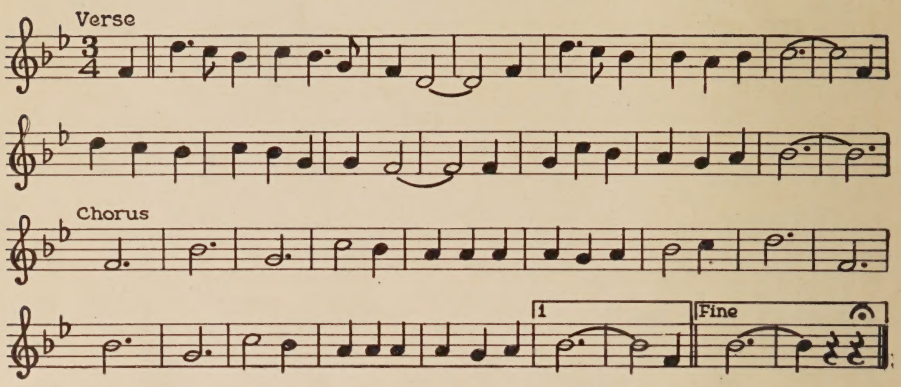
CHORUS

Oh, where is my boy tonight,
Oh, where is my boy tonight,
My heart o'er flows, for I love him, he knows,
Oh, where is my boy tonight.

Once he was as pure as the morning dew,
As he knelt at his mother's knee,
No life was so bright, no heart so pure,
And none was as sweet as he.

Oh, for my wandering boy tonight,
Go search for him where you will,
Go bring him to me with all his faults,
And tell him I love him still.

ROLL ON LITTLE DOGGIES, ROLL ON



Last night as I lay on the prairie, and looked at the stars in the skies,
I wondered if ever a cowboy would drift to that sweet by and by.

CHORUS

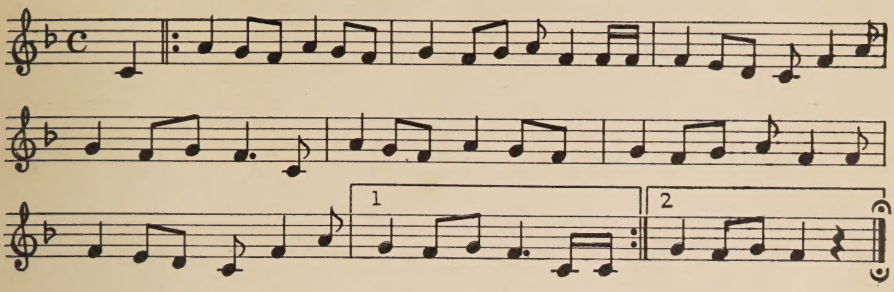
Roll on, roll on, roll on, little doggies, roll on, roll on;
Roll on, roll on, roll on, little doggies, roll on.

They tell of a big roundup, where cowboys like cattle stand,
To be cut out by the riders, who are posted and know every brand.

I wonder if ever a cowboy, prepares for that judgment day
Who can say to the boss of the riders, I'm ready, come drive me away.

They say he will never forsake you, for he notes every action and look,
So you had better be sure you are ready, and get your name on his great
tally book.

A TRIP TO THE COUNTRY



Last summer I went for a trip to the country,
I was feeling all run down and needed a rest,
I went to the well for a drink of cold water,
A drink of cold water, they told me was best.
I had a red patch on the seat of my trousers,
And bending way over exposed it to view.
Now a bull that was grazing, at my patch started gazing,
Such another occasion would any bull do,
He rushed and he took it, from behind me he struck it,
And I fell in the bucket that hung in the well.

And now, Otto Gray and his
Oklahoma Cowboys are
signing off and---
"Leave you with a smile"

Additional copies of this book may be obtained at fifty cents per copy by addressing OTTO GRAY AND HIS OKLAHOMA COWBOYS, Stillwater, Oklahoma.

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